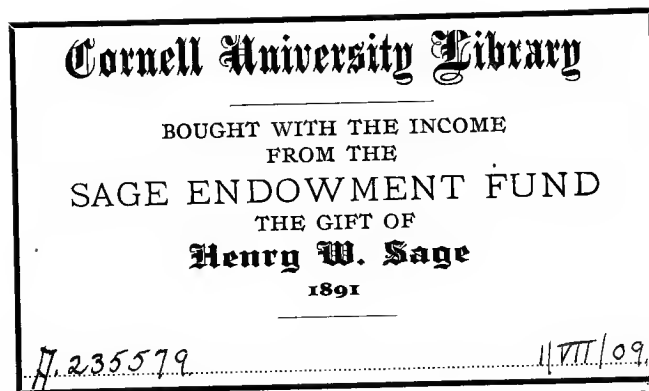


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The play of the weather.



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Play of the Weather

By JOHN HEYWOOD

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1533

[Pepys Collection, Magdalene College, Cambridge]

*Date of another Recently Discovered Edition also reproduced
in this Series, 1565 [?]*

[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, i. 23]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

Play of the Weather * Rastell edition

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The
Play of the Weather

BY JOHN HEYWOOD

1533

Issued for Subscribers by

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The Play of the Weather

By JOHN HEYWOOD

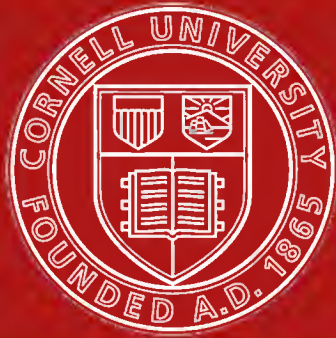
This, a facsimile of the earliest known edition of "The Play of the Weather," is from an original copy now in the Pepys Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge; it is the only perfect example known of the editio princeps, the copy at St. John's College, Oxford, lacking the last leaf.

Another edition, unknown until "the Irish find" of 1906, printed by J. Awdeley, has already been issued in this series. The only copy known of this impression is in the British Museum.

There were at least two other editions: one, printed by "Anthonie Kytson" (who was in business from 1549 to 1579), of which the Bodley possesses a unique perfect copy; and another unidentified edition, in the University Library, Cambridge (imperfect), which it is thought was printed from Rastell's text as herein given, Kitson printing his edition from it (Pollard).

Mr. R. B. Fleming reports that this facsimile is an excellent reproduction of the original. The peculiar "rustiness" of the Pepys set of Heywood's plays—they are all bound together in one volume—has occasioned the usual "fault," a slightly too dark a tint in the "mendings" and stains. "With this exception it looks very well."

JOHN S. FARMER.



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<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924013130145>

The play of the wether



A new and a very
mery enterlude of
all maner we-
thers made
by Iohn Heywood.



The players names.

Jupiter a god.

Mery reporte the byce.

The gentylman.

The marchaunt.

The ranger

The water myller.

The wynde myller.

The gentylwoman.

The launder.

A boy the lest that can play.

Jupiter.



ryght farre to longe as now were to recyte
The aunycnt estate wherein our selfe hath reyned
what honour what laude gyven vs of hery ryght
what gloze we haue had dewly vnfayned
Of eche creature whych dewty hath constrayned
For aboue all goddes syns our fathers sale
we Jupiter were euer pryncypale

If we so haue ben as treuth yt is in dede
Beyond the compas of all comparyson
who coude presume to shew for any mede
So that yt myght appere to humayne reason
The hye renowme we stande in at this season
For syns that heuen and erth were fyrste create
Stode we neuer in suche tryumphauent estate.

As we now do wherof we woll repozte
Suche parte as we se mete for tyme present
Chyefely concernynge your perpetuall conforzte
As the thyng selfe shall proue in experyment
whych the hply shall bynde you on knees lowly bent
Soolly to honour oure hyenes day by day
And now to the matre gyue eare and we shall say.

Before our presens in our hye parlyament
Both goddes and goddeses of all degrees
Hath late assembled by comen assent
For the redzes of certayne enozmytees
Bred amonge them thowow extremytees
Abusyd in eche to other of them all
Namely to purpose in these moste specyall.

Ouz fozesayd father Saturne, and Phebus
Colus, and Phebe these four by name
Whole natures not onely so farre contraryous
But also of malpce eche other to defame
Haue longe tyme abused ryght farre out of frame
The dew course of all theyr constellacyons
To the great damage of all verthly nacyns
A ii. whych

whych he was debated in place sayde before
And fyste as became our father moste auncient
wyth berde whyte as snow his lockes both cold & hoze
Hath entred such mater as serued his entent
Laudynge his frosty mansyon in the fymament
To aye & perth as thyng moste pceuous
Pourgyng all humours that are contagious

How be yt he alledgeth that of longe tyme past
Lytell hath pceupled his great dplygens
Full oft vppon perth his fayre frost he hath cast
All thynges hurtfull to banyshe out of pcesens
But Jhebus entendynge to kepe hym in splens
when he hath labored all nyght in his powres
His glaryng beamys martyr all in two howres.

Jhebus to this made no maner answerynge
wheruppon they both then Jhebe desyed
Eche for his parte leyd in her reprouynge
That by her howres superfluous they haue tryed
In all that she may they? powres be denyed
wherunto Jhebe made answer no moze
Then Jhebus to Saturne hadde made befoze

Anone vppon Solus all these dyd fle
Complaynyng they? causes eche one arow
And layd to compare none was so euill as he
for when he is dysposed his blastes to blow
He suffereth neyther sone wyne rayne nor snow
They eche agaynst other and be agaynst all thye
Thus can these.iiii. in no maner agre

whych he sene in them selfe and further consyderynge
The same to redres was cause of they? assemble
And also that we euermoze beyng
Besyde our pynlaunt power of deite
Of wysedome and nature so noble and so fre
from all extremtees the meane deuydng
To pease and plente eche thyng attemptynge
They

• They haue in conclusyon holly surrendryd
Into our handes as mych as concernynge
All maner wethers by them engendryd
The full of theyr powrs for teryne euerlastynge
To set suche order as standyth wyth our pleasynge
whych theynge as of our parte no parte requyred
But of all theyr partys ryght humbly desyred.

To take vppon vs wherto we dyd assente
And so in all thynges wyth one voyce agreeable
we haue clerely synpshed our forsayd parlement
To your great welth whych shall be fyrme and stable
And to our honour farre inestimable
For syns theyr powrs as ours addyd to our owne
who can we say know vs as we shuldc be knowne

But now for fyne the reste of our entent
wherfore as now we hyther are dyscendyd
Is onely to satysfye and content
All maner people whych haue ben offendyd
By any wether mete to be amendyd
Vppon whose complayntes declaryngs theyr grete
we shall shape remedy for theyr relese

And to gyue knowledge for theyr better resoite
we wolde thys aforeproclaymed to be
To all our people by some one of thys sorte
whom we lyst to choyse here amoungst all ye
wherfore eche man auauance and we shall se
whych of you is moste mete to be our tryer.

Here entreth Mery reporte.

Mery report

Brother holde vp your torch a lptoll hyer
Now I beseeche you my lord be loken on me furste
I truste your lordshipp shall not fynde me the wurste

Juppter.

why, what arte thou that approachst so ny?
Forsothe and please your lordshyppe it is I.

Mery report

All that we knowe very well, but what I.

Juppter.

Mery report

what I: some saye I am I perle I

But what maner I so euer be I

I assure your good lordshipp I am I.

A. iii. what

Jupiter what maner man arte thou she we qupchele
 Mercury repozt By god a pooze gentylman dwellyth here by.
 Jupiter. A gentylman thy selfe byngeth wytnes nape
 Bothe in thy lyght behauour and arape
 But what arte thou called where thou dost resorte.
 Mercury repozt Forsoth my lord mapster Mercury repozte
 Jupiter. Thou arte no mete man in our bysynes
 For thyne apparence ys of to mych lyghtnes
 Mercury repozt why can not your lordshipp lyke my maner
 Myne apparell nor my name nother.
 Jupiter. To nother of all we haue deuocyon.
 Mercury repozt A proper lycklyhod of promocyon
 well than as wyse as ye seme to be
 yet can ye se no wysdome in me
 But syns ye dyspraple me for so lyghte an else
 I praye you grue me leue to prayse my selfe
 And for the fyrste parte I wyl begyn
 In my behauour at my commynge in
 wherin I thynke I haue lytell offendyd
 For sewer my curtesy coude not be amendyd
 And as for my sewt your seruaunt to be
 Myghte yll haue bene myst for your honeste
 For as I besawed yf I shall not lye
 I saw no man sew for the offyce but I
 wherfore yf ye take me not or I go
 ye must anone whether ye wyl or no
 And syns your entent is but for the wethers
 what skyls our apparell to be frysle or fethers
 I thynke it wysdome syns no man for bad it
 wyth thys to spare a better yf I had it
 And for my name reportyng alwaye trewly
 what hurte to repozte a sad mater merely
 As by occasyon for the same entent
 To a serteyne widow thys daye was I sent
 whose husbände departyd wythout her wyttynge
 A specyall good louer and she hys owne swettynge
 To whome at my commynge I caste such a fygure
 Mynglynge the mater accorpyng to my nature
 That when we departyd aboue all other thynges
 She thanked me hartely for my mery tydynges

And

And yf I had not handled yt inerply
 Perchaunce she myght haue take yt heuclp
 But in suche facpon I coniuered and bounde her
 That I left her merper then I founde her
 What man may compare to shew the lyke comforte
 That dayly is shewed by me Mery repozte
 And for your purpose at this tyme ment
 For all wethers I am so indyfferent
 wythout affeccyon standynge so by ryght
 Son lyght mone lyght ster lyght twy lyght tozch light
 Cold hcte moyst dwe hayle rayne frost snow lightnyng thunder
 Cloudy mysty wyndy sayze fowle aboue hed or vnder
 Temperate or dystemperate what euer yt be
 I promyse your lordshyp all is one to me

Juppter.

well sonne conspydyng thyne indyfferency
 And partely the rest of thy declaracyon
 we make the our seruaunte and immediatly
 well woll thou departe and cause proclamacyon
 Publyshynge our pleasur to euerie nacyon
 whiche thynges done wyth all dyligens
 Make thy retorne agayne to this presens.

Here to receyue all sewters of eche degre
 And suche as to the may seme moste metch
 we wyl thow bynge them befoze our maieste
 And for the reste that be not so worthy
 Make thou repozte to vs effectually
 So that we may heare eche maner sewte at large
 Thus se thow departe and loke vppon thy charge

Mery repozt

Now good my lord god our lady be wyth ye
 frendes a fellyshyppe let me go by ye
 Thynke ye I may stand thrustyng amonge you there
 May by god I muste thrust about other gere

Mery repozt goth out

Juppter

Now syns we haue thus farre set forth our purpose
 At thende of this I whyle we woll wythdraw our godly presens
 ffor the god hath a To enbold all such moze playnely to dysclose
 song played in his As here wyl attende in our foresayde pretens
 trone or Mery re
 port come in.

And

And now accoꝝdynge to your obedyng
Reioyce ye in vs wyth ioy. most ioyfully
And we our selfe shall ioy in our owne gloꝝy

My report cometh in

My report Now syꝝ take hede foꝝ here cometh goddes seruaunt
Auaunte cartely keptys auaunt
why ye dzonken hozelons wyl pt not be
By your fapth haue ye nother cap noꝝ kne
Not one of you that wyl make curtsy
To me that am squyre foꝝ goddes pꝛecyous body
Regarde ye nothyng myne authoꝝyte
No welcome home noꝝ where haue ye be
How be yt yf ye aryd I coulde not well tell
But suer I thynke a thousande myle from hell
And on my fapth I thynke in my conscyens
I haue ben from heuyn as farre as heuyn is heng
At Louyn at London and in Lombardy
At Baldock at Barfolde and in Barbary
At Canturbery at Couentre at Colchester
At wansworth and welbeck at westchester
At Fullam at Faleborne and at Fenlow
At wallyngfoꝝd at wakfeld and at waltamstow
At tatwinton at Cypꝛe and at Cotnam
At Glouceter at Gylfoꝝd and at Gotham
At hartfoꝝde at Harwyche at Harrow on the hyll
At Sudbery Suthampton at shoters hyll
At wallyngham at wyttam and at werwyche
At Boston at Bytlow and at Berwyche
At Grauelyn at Grauelend and at Glassynbery
ynge Gyngiang Japberd the paryshe of Butsbery
The deuyl hym selfe wythout moze leasure
Coulde not haue gone halfe thus myche I am sure
But now I haue warned them let the euen chose
Foꝝ in fapth I care not who wyne oꝝ lose

Here the gentylman befoꝝe he cometh
in bloweth his hoꝝne

My report Now by my trouth this was a goodly hearyng
I went yt had ben the gentyl womens blowpge
But yt is not so as I now suppose
Foꝝ womens hoꝝnes sounde moze in a manns nose

Stand

Gentylman Stande ye mery my frendes euerychone
Mery report Say that to me and let the reste alone
Gentylman Syr ye be welcome and all your meyny
 Now in good sooth my frende god a mery
 And syng that I mete the here thus by chaunce
 I shall requyre the of further acquyntaunce
 And byeuely to shew the this is the mater
 I come to sew to the great god **Juppter**
 For helpe of thynges concernyng my recreacyon
 Accordyng to his late proclamacyon.
Mery report Mary and I am he that this must spede
 But fyrste tell me what be ye in dede
Gentylman Forsooth good frende I am a gentylman
Mery report A goodly occupacyon by seynt Anne
 On my fayth your maypp hath a mery wyfe
 But who maketh al these hornes your self or your wife
 Nay even in ernest I aske you this questyon
Gentylman Now by my trowth thou art a mery one
Mery report In fayth of vs both I thynke neuer one sad
 For I am not so mery but ye seme as mad
 But stande ye styll and take a lyttell payne
 I wyll come to you by and by agayne
 Now gracious god yf your wyll so be
 I pray ye let me speke a worde wyth ye
Juppter My sonne say on let vs here thy mynde
Mery report My lord there standeth a sewter even here behynde
 A Gentylman in yonder corner
 And as I thynke his name is mayster horner
 A hunter he is and comyth to make you spozte
 He wolde hunte a sow or twayne out of this forte
Juppter. what so euer his mynde be let hym appere
Mery report Now good mayster horner I pray you come nere
Gentylman I am no horner knaue I wyll thou know yt
Mery report I thought ye had for when ye dyd blow yt
 Harde I neuer hozelson make horne so goo
 As lefe ye kyste myne ars as blow my hole soo
 Come on your way befoze the god **Juppter**
 And there for your selfe ye shall be sewter
Gentylman Moste myghty pryncce and god of euery nacyon
 Pleasyth your hyghnes to vouchsaue the herynge

Of me whych accordynge to our proclamacyon
Doth make apparaunce in way of besechynge
Not sole for my selfe but generally
For all come of noble and auncient stock
whych sorte aboue all doth most thankfully
Dayly take payne for welth of the comen flocke
wyth dyligent study alway deuylynge
To kepe them in order and vnyte
In peace to labour the encrees of theyr lpyng
wherby eche man may prosper in plente
wherfore good god this is our hole desyrynge
That for ease of our paynes at tymes vacaunt
In our recreacyon whych chyevely is huntynge
It may please you to sende vs wether pleasaunt
Dye and not mysty the wynde calme and styll
That after our houndes pourrynge so meryly
Chasynge the dere ouer dale and hyl
In herynge we may folow and to comfort the cry.

Jupiter

Ryght well we do perceyue your hole request
whych shall not fayle to reste in memozy
wherfore we wyll ye set your selfe at rest
Tyll we haue herde eche man indyfferently
And we shall take suche order vnyuersally
As best may stande to our honour infynyte
For welth in comune and ech manys spinguler profyte.

Gentylman

In heuen and yerth honoured be the name
Of Iupytter whome of his godly goodnes
Hath set this mater in so goodly frame
That euery wyght shall haue his desyre doutles
And fyrst for vs nobles and gentylmen
I doute not in his wysedome to proude
Suche wether as in our huntynge now and then
we may both telyse and receyue on euery tyde
whych thyng ones had for our seyd recreacyon
shall greatly preuaile you in preferringe our helth
for what thyng moze nedefull then our preseruacyon
Beynge the weale and heddes of all comen welth.

Mery report

Gentylman

Mery report

Now I beseeche your maystie whose hed be you
whose hed am I: thy hed what seyst thou now
Say I thynke yt very trew so god me helpe

For

For I haue euer ben of a lyttell whelpe
So full of fanfyes and in so many fytes
So many smale reasons and in so many wyttes
That euen as I stande I pray god I be dede
If euer I thought them all mete for one hede
But syns I haue one hed moze then I knew
Blame not my reioycynge I loue all thynges new
And suer yt is a treasour of heddes to haue soze
One feate can I now that I neuer coude before

Gentylman

What is that

Mery report

By god syns ye came hyther

I can let my hedde and my tayle to gyther
This hed shall saue mony by saynt mary
From hens forth I wyll no potycary
For at all tymys when suche thynges shall myster
My new hed shall geue myne olde tayle a glyster
And after all this then shall my hedde wayte
Vppon my tayle and there stande at receyte
Syns for the reste I wyll not now moue you
But yf we lyue ye shall smell how I loue you
And syns touchyng your sewt here depart when it please
For be ye suer as I can I wyll ease you

Gentylman

Then gyue me thy hande that promyse I take

And yf for my sake any sewt thou do make
I promyse thy payne to be requyted
Moze largely then now shall be recyted

Mery report

Alas my necke goddes pyty where is my hed

By saynt yue I feare me I shall be ded

And yf I were me thynke yt were no wonder

Entreth the mar

Syns my hed and my body is so farre asonder

Chant,

Mayster person now welcome by my lyfe

I pray you how doth my mastres your wyfe

Marchaunte.

Syns for the presthod and wyfe that ye alledge

I se ye speke moze of dotage then knowledge

But let pas syns I wolde to you be sewter

To bypunge me yf ye can before Iupiter

yes mary can I and wyll do yt in dede

Cary and I shall make wey for your spede

In faryth good lord yf it please your gracypous godshyp

B ii I muste

I muste haue a worde or twayne wyth your lordshyp
Syr yonder is a nother man in place
who maketh great sewt to speke wyth your grace
your pleasure ones knowen he cometh by and by

Jupiter

My report

Byng hym before our ptesens sone hardely

why where be you shall I not fynde ye

Come a way I pray god the deuill blynde ye

Marthaunt.

Most myghty pynce and lord of lordes all

Ryght humbly besecheth your maieste

your marchaunt men thorow the worlde all

That yt may please you of your benygnyte

In the dayly daunger of our goodes and lyfe

Firste to consyder the desert of our request

what welth we byng the rest to our great care & stryfe

And then to rewarde vs as ye shall thynke best

what were the surpluse of eche commodyte

whych groweth and euereaseth in euery lande

Excepte exchange by suche men as we be

By wey of entercours that lyeth on our hande

we fraught from home thynges wherof there is plente

And home we bynge such thynges as there be scant

who sholde afoze vs marchauntes accompted be

for were not we, the worlde shuld wyshe and want

In many thynges, whych now shall lack rehersall

And breuely to conclude we besече your hyghnes

That of the benefyte proclaymed in generall

we may be parte takers for comen encreas

Stablyshynge wether thus pleasynge your grace

Stoymy noz mysty the wynde mesurable

That sauely we may passe from place to place

Berynge our seplys for speede moste bayleable

And also the wynde to chaunge and to turne

East, west, North, and South, as beste may be set

In any one place not to longe to sojourne

For the length of our byage may lese our market

Jupiter.

Ryght well haue ye sayde and we accept yt so

And so shall we rewarde you ere we go hens

But ye muste take pacpens tyll we haue harde mo

That we may indyfferently gyue sentens

There may passe by vs no spot of neglygence

But

But iustely to iudge eche thyng so byrghte
 That ech mans parte maye shyne in the selfe ryghte.
Merx report Now sye by your sayth yf ye shulde be sworne
 Harde ye euer god speke so syns ye were borne
 So wysely so gentylly hys wordes be shōw
Merchaunt. I thanke hys grace my lewte is well bestowd
Merx report Sye what byage entende ye nerte to go.
Merchaunt, I truste o myd lente to be to Syo.
Merx report Ha ha is it your mynde to sayle at Syo
 Nay then when ye wyl by lady ye maye go
 And let me alone wyth thys, be of good chere
 ye maye truste me at Syo as well as here
 For though ye were fro me a thousande mple space
 I wolde do as myche as ye were here in place.
 For syns that from hens it is so farre thyther
 I care not though ye neuet come agayne hyther.
Merchaunt. Sye yf ye remember me when tyme shall come
 Though I requyte not all I shall deserue some.
Exeat marchant Now farre ye well a god thanke you by saynt Anne
Merx report I pray you marke the falsshon of thys honeste manne
 He putteth me in moze truste at thys metynge here
 Then he shall fynde cause why thys twenty yere
 Here entreth the Ranger.
Ranger. God be here, now Cryst kepe thys company.
Merx report In sayth ye be welcome euyr very skantely.
 Sye for your compynge what is the mater.
Ranger. I wolde sayne speke wyth the god Jupyter
Merx report That wyl not be but ye may do thys
 Tell me your mynde I am an offycer of hys.
Ranger. Be ye so, mary I cry you marcy
 your maysterhyy may say I am homely
 But syns your mynde is to haue reportyd
 The cause wherfore I am now resoptyd
 Pleasyth it your maysterhyy it is so
 I come for my selfe and suche other mo
 Rangers and keepers of certayne places
 As forestes, parkes, purlews and chalys
 where we be chargyd wyth all maner game
 Smale is our profyte and great is our blame
 Alas for our wages what be we the nere

what is forty spyllynge or fyue marke a pere
Many tymes and oft where we be syttinge
we spende forty pens a pece at a syttinge
Now for our vauntage whyche chesely is wyndefale
That is ryght nought there blowyth no wynde at all
whyche is the thyng wherin we fynde most grefe
And cause of my commynge to sew for relefe
That the god of pyty all thys thyng knowynge
Maye sende vs good rage of blastyng and blowynge
And yf I can not get god to do some good
I wolde hys the deuyl to runne thowow the wood
The rootes to turne by, the toppys to bynge vnder
A myschyfe vpon them and a wyld thunder

Mery report Very well sayd I let by your charyte
As mych in a maner as by your honeste
I shall let you somwhat in ease anone
ye shall putte on your cappe when I am gone
For I se ye care not who wyn or lese
So ye maye fynde meanys to wyn your fees

Ranger Syr as in that ye speke as it please ye
But let me speke wyth the god yf it maye be
I pray you lette me passe ye

Mery report why nay syr by the masse ye.

Ranger Then wyl I leue you eyn as I founde ye.

Mery report Go when ye wyl no man here hath bounde ye.

Here entreth the water myller and the
Ranger goth out.

water myller what y deuyl shold skyl though all y world were dum
Syns in all our spekyng we neuer be harde
we crye out for rayne the deuyl sped drop wyl cum
we water myllers be nothyng in regarde
No water haue we to grynde at any stynt
The wynde is so stronge the rayne can not fall
whyche kepeth our myldams as drye as a flynt
we are vndone we grynde nothyng at all
The greter is the pyte as thynketh me
For what auayleth to eche man hys corne
Tyll it be grounde by such men as we be
There is the losse yf we be forborne
For touchynge our selves we are but drudgys

And

And very beggers saue onely our tole
 whyche is ryght smale and yet many grudges
 For cryste of a busshell to gyue a quarte hole
 yet were not reparacions we myght do wel
 Our mylstones out whele with her togg; & our tymbill
 Our floodgate our mylpooll our water whele
 Our hopper our extre our yren spyndyll
 In thys and mych more so great is our charge
 That we wolde not recke though no water were
 Saue onely it toucheth eche man so large
 And ech for our neyghbour Cryste byddeth vs care
 wherfore my consyence hath prycked me hither
 In thys to seme accordynge to the cry
 For plente of rayne to the god Jupiter
 To whose pzelence I wpll go curn boldely

My report

Syr I do wt nothyng your audacyte
 But I feare me ye lacke capacityte
 For yf ye were wyle ye myghte well espye
 How rudely ye erre from rewlis of curtesye
 what ye come in reueynge and reheptynge
 Curn as a knaue myght go to a beate beptynge

water myller

All you here recorde what fauour I haue
 Herke how famplyerly he calleth me knaue
 Downtles the gentylman is vniuersall
 But marke thys lesson syr pou shulde neuer call
 your felow knaue nor your brother hoysel
 For nought can ye get by it when ye haue done

My report

Thou arte nother brother nor felowe to me
 For I am goddes setuaunt mayst thou not se
 wolde ye pzelume to speke wyth the great god
 Nay dyscrecyon and you be to farre od
 Byr lady these knaups muste be tyed shorter
 Syr who let you in spake ye wyth the porter

water myller

Nay by my trowth nor wyth no nother man
 yet I saw you well when I fyrst began
 How be it so helpe me god and holydam
 I toke you but for a knaue as I am
 But mary now syns I knowe what ye be
 I muste and wpll obey your authoryte
 And yf I maye not speke wyth Jupiter

I besech

I beseeche you be my solycyter.
My report As in that I wylbe your well wyller
I perceyue you be a water myller
And your hole desyre as I take the matre
Is plente of rayne for encres of water
The let wherof ye assyme determynately
Is onely the wynde your moztall enemy
water myller Trowth it is for it blowyth so alofte
we neuer haue rayne or at the most not ofte
wherfore I praye you put the god in mynde
Clerey for euer to banly the wynde

Entreth the wynd myller
wynd myller How is all the wether gone or I come
For the passyon of god helpe me to some
I am a wynd myller as many mo be
No wretch in wretchydnes so wretchyd as we
The hole sorte of my crafte be all mard at onys
The wynde is so weyke it sturpeth not our skonys
No skantely can shatter the shyttyn sayle
That hangeth shatterynge at a womans tayle
The rayne neuer resteth so longe be the showres
From tyme of begynnyng tyll foure & twenty howres
And ende whan it shall at nyght or at none
An other begynneth as loone as that is done
Such reuell of rayne ye knowe wellinough
Destroyeth the wynde be it neuer so rough
wherby syns our mylls be come to styll standynge
Now maye we wynd myllers go euyn to hangynge
A myller wyth a mozyn and a myschpese
who wolde be a myller as good be a thefe
yet in tyme past when gryndynge was plente
who were so lyke goddys felows as we
As faste as god made cozne we myllers made meale
whyche myght be best forborne for comyn weale
But let that gere passe for I feare our pryde
Is cause of the care whyche god doth vs prouyde
wherfore I submyt me entendynge to se
what comfozte maye come by humylyte
And now at thys tyme they sayd in the crite
The god is come downe to shape remedies

No doubt

Mery report No doute he is here euen in ponder trone
But in your mater he trusteth me alone
Wherin I do perceyue by your complaynte
Oppressyon of rayne doth make the wynde so faynte
That ye wynde myllers be cleue caste away

wynd myller If Iuppter helpe not yt is as ye say
But in few wordes to tell you my mynde rounde
Vppon this condycyon I wolde be bounde
Day by day to say our ladyes sauter
That in this world were no drope of water
No: neuer rayne but wynde contynuall
Then shold we wyndemylles be lordes ouer all

Mery report Come on and assay how you twayne can agre
A brother of yours a myller as ye be

water myller By meane of our craft we may be brothers
But whyles we lyue shall we neuer be louers
We be of one craft but not of one kynde
I lyue by water and he by the wynde

**Here Mery re-
porte goth out.** And syz as ye desyre wynde contynuall
So wolde I haue rayne euer moze to fall
Whyche two in experyence ryght well ye se
Ryght selde o: neuer to gether can be
For as longe as the wynde reweleth yt is playne
Twenty to one ye get no drop of rayne
And when the element is to farrc oppress
Downe cometh the rayne and setteth the wynde at rest
By this ye se we can not both obayne
For ye must lacke wynde o: I must lacke rayne
Wherfore I thynke good before this audyens
Eche for out selfe to say o: we go hens
And whom is thought weykest when we haue spnyght
Leue of his sewt and content to be banysht

wynd myller In sayth agtred but then by your lycens
Our mylles for a tyme shall hange in suspens
Syns water and wynde is chyefely our sewt
Whyche best may be spared we woll fyrst dyspute
Wherfore to the see my reason shall resorte
Where shypes by meane of wynd try from port to port
From lande to lande in dysstaunce many a myle
Great is the passage and smale is the whyle

C So great

So great is the pꝛofyte as to me doth seme
That no mans wysdome the welth can exteme
And syns the wynde is conueyer of all
who but the wynde shulde haue thanke aboute all

water myller

Amptte in thys place a tree here to growe
And therat the wynde in great rage to blowe
when it hath all blowen thys is a clere case
The tre remouyth no here byed from hys place
No moꝛe wolde the shyppeys blow the best it cowde
All though it wolde blowe downe both mast & shrowde
Except the shyppe flete bypon the water
The wynde can ryght nought do a playne mater
yet maye ye on water wythout any wynde
Row forth your vessell where men wyll haue her synde
Nothyng moꝛe reioyceth the maryner
Then meane coolys of wynde and plente of water
foꝛ comynly the cause of euery wꝛacke
Is excelle of wynde where water doth lacke
In rage of these stꝛormys the perell is suche
That better were no wynde then so farre to muche

wynd myller

well yf my reason in thys may not stande
I wyll forsake the see and lepe to lande
In euery chyche where goddys serupce is
The organs beare bzunt of halfe the quere i wys
whyche causyth the sounde of water oꝛ wynde
Moꝛe ouer foꝛ wynde thys thyng I synde
foꝛ the most parte all maner mynstrelly
By wynde they delyuer theyꝛ sounde chesly
Iyll me a baggye of your water full
As swetly shall it sounde as it were stuffyd with wull

water myller

On my fayth I thynke the moone be at the full
foꝛ frantke fanlyes be then most plentefull
whyche are at the pyde of theyꝛ spynges in pour hed
So farre from our mater he is now fled
As foꝛ the wynde in any instrument
It is no percell of our argument
we spake of wynde that comyth naturally
And that is wynde foꝛcyd artfycyally
whyche is not to purpose but yf it were
And water in dede ryght nought coulde do there

yet I

yet I thynke organs no suche commodyte
wherby the water shulde banyshe be
And for your baggyppes I take them as nyfuls
your mater is all in fanysyes and tryfuls

wynd myller By god but ye shall not tryfull me of so
yf these thynges serue not I wyll rcherse mo
And now to mynde there is one olde prouerbe come
One bushell of march dust is worth a kynges ransome
what is a hundreth thousande bushels worth than

water myller Not one myte for the thyng selfe to no man
wynd myller why shall wynde euer where thus be obiecte
May in the hye wayes he shall take effecte
where as the rayne doth neuer good but hurt
For wynde maketh but dust and water maketh durt
Powder or syrop syrs whiche ycke ye beste
who lycketh not the tone maye lycke by the reste
But sure who so euer hath assayed such sypes
Had leuer haue dusty eyes then durtie lippes
And it is sayd syns afoze we were borne
That drought doth neuer make derth of corne
And well it is knowen to the most foole here
How rayne hath prynced corne within this .vii. yere.

water myller Syr I pray the spare me a lytyll season
And I shall breuely conclude the wyth reason
But case on somers daye wythout wynde to be
And ragyous wynde in wynter dayes two or thre
Mych more shall dry that one calme daye in somer
Then shall those thre wyndy dayes in wynter
whom shall we thanke for thys when all is done
The thanke to wynde nay thanke chyevely the sone
And so for drought yf corne therby encreas
The sone doth comforte and rype all dowlles
And oft the wynde so leyth the corne god wot
That neuer after can it rype but rot
yf drought toke place as ye say yet maye ye se
A lytell helpeth the wynde in thys commodyte
But now syr I deny your pryneyppill
yf drought euer were it were impossybyll
To haue any grayne for or it can grow
ye must plow your lande harrow and sow

C ii. whiche

whyche wyll not be except ye maye haue rayne
 To temper the grounde and after agayne
 For spyrngynge and plumpynge all maner corne
 yet muste ye haue water or all is forlozne
 yf ye take water for no commodyte
 yet must ye take it for thyng of necessitye
 For washyng for skowynge all fylth clensynge
 where water lacketh what bestely beyng
 In brewynge in bakynge in dressynge of incate
 yf ye lacke water what coulde ye drynke or eate
 wythout water coulde lyue neyther man nor best
 For water pserupth both moste and lest
 For water coulde I say a thousande thynges mo
 Sauynge as now the tyme wyll not serue so
 And as for that wynde that you do sew fore
 Is good for your wyndemyl and for no more
 Syr syth all thys in experyence is tryde
 I say thys mater standeth clere on my syde
 well syns thys wyll not serue I wyll alledge y rest
 Syr for our myllys I saye myne is the beste
 My wyndmyll shall grynd more corne in one our
 Then thy water myll shall in thre or foure.
 ye more then thyn shulde in a hole yere
 yf thou myghtest haue as thou hast wysshyd here
 For thou desyrest to haue excess of rayne
 whych thyng to the were y worst thou coudyst obtayne
 For yf thou dydyst it were a playne induccyon
 To make thyn owne desper thyn owne destruccyon
 For in excess of rayne at any flood
 your myllys must stande styll they can do no good
 And whan the wynde doth blow the bittermost
 Our wyndmylles walke a mayne in euery cost
 For as we se the wynde in hys estate
 we moder our saylys after the same rate
 Syns our myllys grynde so farre faster then yours
 And also they may grynde all tymes and howys
 I say we nede no water mylles at all
 For wyndmylles be suffycent to serue all
 Thou spekest of all and consydereft not halfe
 In bolte of thy gryste thou arte wyls as a calfe

wynd myller

water myller

For

For though about vs your mylles grinde farre faster
 What helpe to those from whome ye be myche farther
 And of two sojtes yf the tone shold be conserued
 I thynke yt mete the moste nomber be serued
 In vales and weldes where moste commodyte is
 There is most people ye must graunte me this
 On hylles a downes whych partes are moste barayne
 There muste be few yt can no mo sustayne
 I darre well say yf yt were tryed euen now
 That there is ten of vs to one of you
 And where shuld chye fely all necessaries be
 But there as people are moste in plente
 More reason that you come. vii. myle to myll
 Then all we of the vale shold chyme the hyl
 If rayne came reasonable as I requyre yt
 we shold of your wyndemylles haue nede no whyt
 Enterth Mery repozte.

Mery repozt Stop folysh knaues for your reasonyng is suche
 That ye haue reasoned euen ydough and so much
 I hard all the wordes that ye both haue hadde
 So helpe me god the knaues be more then madde
 Noether of them both that hath wyt nor grace
 To perceyue that both myllys may serue in place
 Betwene water and wynde there is no suche let
 But eche myll may haue tyme to vse his set
 whych thyng I can tell by experyens
 For I haue of myne owne not farre from hens
 In a corner to gether a couple of myllys
 Standyng in a marres betwene two hyllys
 Not of inherytaunce but by my wyfe
 She is feofed in the tayle for terme of her lyfe
 The one for wynde the other for water
 And of them both I thanke god there standeth nother
 For in a good hour be yt spoken
 The water gate is no soner open
 But clap sayth the wyndmyll euen straght behynde
 There is good spedde the deuyll and all they grinde
 But whether that the hopper be dusty
 Or that the myllstouys be sumwhat rusty
 By the mas the meale is myscheuous musty

¶ iii.

And yf

And yf ye thynke my tale be not trusty
 I make ye trew promyse come when ye lyst
 we shall synde meane ye shall taste of the gryst
water myller The cozne at receyt happely is not good
Merȳ report There can be no sweeter by the sweet rood
 A nother thyng yet whyche shall not be coked
water myller My water myll many tymes is choked
 So wyll he be though ye shuld burst your bones
 Except ye be perfyt in settynge your stones
 Fere not the lydger be ware your conner
 yet this for the lydger oꝝ ye haue wonne her
Merȳ report Perchaunce your lydger doth lacke good peckynge
 So sayth my wyfe & that maketh all our chekynge
 She wolde haue the myll peckt peckt peckt euery day
 But by god myllers muste pecke when they may
 So oft haue we peckt that our stones wax ryght thyn
 And all our other gere not worth a pyn
 For wyth peckynge and peckynge I haue so wrought
 That I haue peckt a good peckynge yron to nought
 How be yt yf I stycke no better tyll her
 My wyfe sayth she wyll haue a new myller
 But let yt passe and now to our mater
 I say my mylls lack nother wynde noꝝ water
 No moze do yours as farre as nede doth requyre
 But syns ye can not agree I wyll desyre
 Iuppter to set you both in such rest
 As to your welth and his honour may stande best
water myller I pray you hertely remember me
wynd myller Let not me be forgotten I beseeche ye
 Both myllers goth forth
Merȳ report If I remember you not both a lyke
 I wolde ye were ouer the eares in the dyke
 Now be we ryd of two knaues at one chaunce
 By saynt Thomas yt is a knauyshe ryddaunce.
 The gentylwoman entreth
Gentylwoma Now good god what a folys this
 what wolde I do where so mych people is
 I know not how to passe in to the god now
Merȳ report No but ye know how he may passe into you
Gentylwoma I pray you let me in at the backe syde

ye shall

Mery report ye shall I so, and your foze syde so wyde
 Nay not yet but syns ye loue to be alone
 we twayne wyl into a corner anone
 But fyrste I pray you come your way hyther
 And let vs twayne chat a whyle to gyther.
Gétpl womā Syr as to you I haue lytell mater
 My commynge is to speke wyth Iupiter.
Mery report Stande ye still a whyle and I wyl go proue
 whether that the god wyl be brought in loue
 My lord how now loke vpppe lustely
 Here is a derlyng come by saynt Antony
 And yf yt be your pleasure to mary
 Speke quickly for she may not tary
 In sayth I thynke ye may wyne her anone
 For she wolde speke wyth your lordshyp alone.
Iuppter. Sonne that is not the thyng at this tyme ment
 If her sewt concerne no cause of our hyther resorte
 Sende her out of place/ but yf she be bent
 To that purpose/ heare her and make vs reporte.
Mery report I count women lost yf we loue them not well
 For ye se god loueth them neuer a dele
Marystres ye can not speke wyth the god
Gétpl womā No why?
Mery report By my sayth for his lordshyp is ryght besy
 wyth a pece of worke that nedes must be doone
 Euen now is he makynge of a new moone
 He sayth your old moones be so farre tasted
 That all the goodnes of them is wasted
 whyche of the great wete hath ben mosse mater
 For olde moones be leake they can holde no water
 But for this new mone I durst lay my gowne
 Except a few droppes at her goyng downe
 ye get no rayne tyll her arysynge
 wythout yt nede and then no mans deuplynge
 Coude wythe the fashyon of rayne to be so good
 Not gushynge out lyke gutters of floyes flood
 But smale droppes sprynklynge softly on the grounde
 Though they fell on a sponge they wold gyue no soude
 This new moone shal make a thing sprynge more i this
 The a old moone shal while a mā may go a mile/ while
 By that

By that tyme the god hath all made an ende
ye shall se how the wether wyll amende
By saynt Anne he goth to worke euen boldely
I thynke hym wyse ynough for he toketh oldely
wherfore maystres be ye now of good chere
For though in his p[re]sens ye can not appere
Tell me your mater and let me alone
May happe I wyll thynke on you when you be gone

Gētylwomā

Forsoth the cause of my comynge is this
I am a woman ryght fayre as ye se
In no creature moze beauty then in me is
And syns I am fayre, fayre wolde I kepe me
But the sonne in somer so soze doth burne me
In wynter the wynde on euery syde me
No parte of the yere wote I where to turne me
But euen in my house am I fayne to hyde me
And so do all other that beuty haue
In whose name at this tyme this sewt I make
Besechynge Iuppyter to graunt that I craue
whyche is this that yt may please hym for our sake
To sende vs wether close and temperate
No sonne shyne no frost noz no wynde to blow
Then wolde we get the stretes trym as a parate
ye shold se how we wolde set our selfe to show

Mery report

Let where ye wyll I swete by saynte Quintyne
ye passe them all both in your owne conceyt and myne.

Gētylwomā

If we had wether to walke at our pleasure
Our lyues wolde be mery out of measure
One parte of the day for our apparellynge
A nother parte for eatynge and drynkynge
And all the reste in stretes to be walkynge
Or in the house to passe tyme wyth talkynge

Mery report

when serue ye god.

Gētylwomā

who hosteth in vertue are but dawes

Mery report

ye do the better namely syns there is no cause

How spende ye the nyght

Gētylwomā.

In daunsynge and synngynge

Till mydnyght and then fall to slepyng

Mery report

why swete herte by your false fayth can ye syng

Gētylwomā.

Nay nay but I loue yt aboue all thyng

Nowe

Mery report Now by my trouth for the loue that I owe you
you shall here what pleasure I can shew you
One songe haue I for you suche as yt is
And yf yt were better ye shold haue yt by gys

Gētylwomā Mary sy? I thanke you euen hartely
Mery report Come on sy? but now let vs synge lustily

Here they synge

Gētylwomā Sy? this is well done I hertely thanke you
ye haue done me pleasure I make god a vowe
Oncs in a nyght I longe for suche a syt
For longe tyme haue I ben brought vp in yt.

Mery report Oft tyme yt is sene both in court and towne
Longe be women a byngyng vp a sone brought down
So fete yt is, so nete yt is, so nyle yt is,
So trycke yt is, so quicke yt is, so wyle yt is,
I fere my selfe excepte I may entreat her
I am so farre in loue I shall for get her
Now good maystres I pray you let me kys ye

Gētylwomā Kys me quoth a why nay sy? I wys ye
Mery report What yes hardely kys me ons and no more
I neuer desyred to kys you before

Here the launder cometh in.

Launder. why haue ye alway kyst her behynde
In fayth good inough yf yt be your mynde
And yf your appetyte serue you so to do
By? lady I wolde ye had kyst myne arse to.

Mery report To whom dost thou speke foule hore canst thou tell

Launder. Nay by my trouth I sy? not very well
But by coniecture this ges I haue
That I do speke to an olde bawdy knaue
I saw you dally wyth your symper de cokket
I rede you beware she pyck not your pokket
Such ydyll huswyses do now and than
Thynke all well wonne that they pyck from a man
yet such of some men shall haue more fauour
Then we that for them dayly toyle and labour
But I trust the god wyll be so indyfferent
That he shall fayle some parte of her entent

Mery report No dout he wyll deale so graciously
That all folke shall be serued indyfferently

D

How

How be yt I tell the trewth my offyce is suche
That I muste repozte eche sewt lyttell or muche
wherfore wyth the god syns thou canst not speke
Trust me wyth thy sewt I wyll not fayle yt to bryke

Launder.

Then leane not to myche to ponder gyglet
For her desyre contrary to myne is set
I herde by her tale she wolde banysh the sonne
And then were we poze launders all vndonne
Excepte the sonne shyne that our clothes may dry
we can do ryght nought in our laundry
A nother maner losse yf we sholde mys
Then of such nycebyceters as she is

Seyl womā.

I thynke yt better that thou enuy me
Then I sholde stande at rewarde of thy pytte
It is the gypse of such grose queynes as thou art
wyth such as I am euermore to thwart
Bycause that no beauty ye can obtayne
Therfore ye haue vs that be fayre in dysdayne

Launder.

When I was as yonge as thou art now
I was wythin lyttel as fayre as thou
And so myght haue kept me yf I hadde wolde
And as derely my youth I myght haue solde
As the tryckest and fayrest of you all
But I feared pannels that after myght fall
wherfore some belynes I dyd me proude
Lest byte myght enter on euery syde
whych hath fre entre where ydylnesse doth reyne
It is not thy beauty that I dysdeyne
But thyne ydyl lyfe that thou hast rehered
whych any good womans hert wolde haue perced
For I perceyue in daunsynge and syngynge
In eatynge and drynkynge and thyne apparellynge
Is all the ioye wherin thy herte is set
But nought of all this doth thyne owne labour get
For haddest thou nothyng but of thyne owne trauayle
Thou myghtest go as naked as my nayle
We thynke thou shuldest abhorre suche ydylnes
And passe thy tyme in some honest belynes
Better to lese some parte of thy beaute
Then so oft to ioberd all thyne honeste

But I

But I thynke rather then thou woldest so do
Thou haddest leuer haue vs lyue podyly to
And so no doute we shulde yf thou myghtest haue
The clere sone banysht as thou dost craue
Then were we launders marde and vnto the
Thyne owne request were smale commodyte
For of these twayne I thynke yt farre better
Thy face were sone burned and thy clothis the swetter
Then that the sonne from shynynge sholde be smytten
To kepe thy face fayre and thy smocke bespytten
Syz how lycke ye my reason in her case

Mery report Such a raplynge hoze by the holy mas
I neuer herde in all my lyfe tyll now

In dede I loue ryght well the son of you
But o? I wolde kepe you both by goddes mother
The deuyl shall haue the tone to fet the tother.

Launder Promise me to speke that the sone may thyne bryght
And I wyll be gone quykly for all nyght

Mery report Get you both hens I pray you hartely
your sewtis I perceyue and wyll repozte them trewly
Vnto Iuppter at the next leysure
And in the same desyre to know his pleasure
whyche knowledge hadde euen as he doth show yt
feare ye not tyme inough ye shall know yt

Getyl womā. Syz yf ye medyll remember me fyrste
Launder. Then in this medlynge my parte shalbe the wurst

Mery report Now I beseeche our lord the deuyl the wurst
who medlyth wpyth many I hold hym accurst
Here the gentyl
womā goth forth.

Launder. Thou hoze can I medyl wpyth you both at ones
By the mas knaue I wold I had both thy stones
In my purs yf thou medyl not indyfferently
That both our maters in yllew may be lykly

Mery report Many wordes lyttell mater and to no purpose
Suche is the effect that thou dost dysclose
The moze ye byb the moze ye babyll
The moze ye babyll the moze ye sabyll
The moze ye sabyll the moze vnstabyll
The moze vnstabyll the moze vnabyll
In any maner thyng to do any good
No hurt though ye were hanged by the holy rood

D ii. The les

Launder

The les your splente the lesse your credence
The les your credens the les your honeste
The les your honeste the les your assystens
The les your assystens the les abylyte
In you to do ought wherfore so god me saue
No hurte in hangynge suche a raylynge knaue

Mery report

what monster is this I neuer harde none suche
For loke how myche moze I haue made her to myche
And so farre at lest she hath made me to lyttell
wher be ye launder I thynke in some spyttell
ye shall washe me no gere for feare of fetyngge
I loue no launders that shynke my gere in wettyngge
I pray the go hens and let me be in rest
I wyll do thynne errand as I thynke best.

Launder

How wolde I take my leue yt I wylste how
The lenger I lyue the moze knaue you.

Mery report

The lenger thou lyuest the pyte the gretter
The soner thou be ryd the tydynges the better
Is not this a swete offyce that I haue
When euery drab shall proue me a knaue
Euery man knoweth not what goddes seruyce is
Nor I my selfe knew yt not before this
I thynke goddes seruauntes may lyue holply
But the deuyls seruauntes lyue moze merply
I know not what god geueth in standynges fees
But the deuyls seruauntes haue calweltees
A hundred tynges mo then goddes seruauntes haue
For though ye be neuer so starke a knaue
If ye lacke money the deuyl wyll do no wurse
But bynge you straght to a nother mans purse
Then wyll the deuyl promote you here in this world
As vnto suche ryche yt doth mooste accord
Fyrste pater noster qui es in celis
And then ye shall sens the shyffe wpth your helys
The greatest frende ye haue in felde or towne
Standynge a tyt to shall not reche your crowne

The boy comyth in, the lest that can play.

Mery report

This same is euen he by allycklyphod

Syr I pray you be not you master god

Mery report

No in good sayth sonne but I may say to the

I am

I am suche a man that god may not mysse me
wherfore wyth þ god yf thou woldest haue ought done
Tell me thy mynde and I shall shew yt sone

Boy

Forsethe syz my mynde is thys at few wordes
All my pleasure is in catchynge of byrdes
And makynge of snow ballys and throwyng the same
For the whiche purpose to haue set in frame
wyth my godfather god I wolde fayne haue spoken
Desyrynge hym to haue sent me by some token
where I myghte haue had great frost for my pytfallys
And plente of snow to make my snow ballys
This onys had/boyes lyuis be such as no man leddys
O to se my snow ballys lyght on my felowes heddyes
And to here þ byrdes how they flycker they wynges
In the pytfale I say yt passeth all thynges
Syz yf ye be goddes seruaunt oz his kynsman
I pray you helpe me in this yf ye can

Very report
Boy

Alas poze boy who sent the hether
A hundred boys that stode to gether
where they herde one say in a cry
That my godfather god almyghty
was come from heuen by his owne accorde
This nyght to suppe here wyth my lord
And farther he sayde come whole wull
They shall sure haue they bellies full
Ot all wethers who lyst to craue
Eche sozte suche wether as they lyst to haue
And when my felowes thought this wolde be had
And saw me so pzetey a pratelynge lad
Uppon agrement wyth a great noys
Sende lyttell Dycke cryed all the boys
By whose assent I am purueyd
To sew for the wether afore seyd
wherin I pray you to be good as thus
To helpe that god may gyue yt vs

Very report
Boy

Grue boys wether quoth a nonny nonny
If god of his wether wyl gyue nonny
I pray you wyl be sell ony
Oz lend vs a bushell of snow oz twayne
And poynt vs a day to pay hym agayne

D. tit. I can

Mercreport I can not tell for by thys lycht
I chept noz borrowed none of hym this nyght
But by suche shifte as I wyll make
Thou shalte se soone what waye he wyll take

Boy Syr I thanke you then I may departe
The boye goth forth.

Mercreport ye farewell good sonne wyth all my harte
Now such an other sorte as here hath bene
In all the dayes of my lyfe I haue not sene
No sewters now but women, knauys, and boys
And all theyr sewtys are in fansyes and toys
yf that there come no wyser after thys cry
I wyll to the god and make an ende quychely
Oyes, yf that any knaue here
Be wyllynge to appere
For wether fowle or clere
Come in before thys flocke
And be he hole or lyckly
Come shew hys mynde quychly
And yf hys tale be not lyckly
ye shall lycke my tayle in the nocke
All thys tyme I perceyue is spent in wast
To wayte for mo sewters I se none make hast
wherfore I wyll shew the god all thys procys
And be deliuered of my symple offys
Now lord accorde to your comaundement
Attendynge sewters I haue ben dyligent
And at begynnynge as your wyll was I holde
I come now at ende to shewe what eche man wolde
The fyrst sewter before your selfe dyd appere
A gentylman despyrynge wether clere
Clowdy noz misty noz no wynde to blow
For hurt in hys huntynge and then as ye know
The marchaunt sewde for all of that kynde
For wether clere and mesurable wynde
As they maye best bere theyr saylys to make spede
And streyght after thys there came to me in dede
An other man who namyd hym selfe a ranger
And sayd all of hys crafte be farre brought in daunget
For lacke of lyuynge whiche chesely ys wynde fall
But

But he playnely sayth there bloweth no wynde at al
 wherfore he desyrezth for encrease of theyr fleecys
 Extreme rage of wynde trees to tere in peeces
 Then came a water myller and he cryed out
 For water and sayde the wynde was so stout
 The rayne could not sale wherfore he made request
 For plenty of rayne to set the wynde at rest
 And then say there came a wyndemyller in
 who sayde for the rayne he could no wynde wyu
 The water he wysht to be banysht all
 Beseechyng your grace of wynde continuall
 Then came there an other that wolde banysht all this
 A goodly dame an ydyll thyng she wys
 wynde rayne nor froste nor sonshyne wold she haue
 But saye close whether her beautye to saue
 Then came there a nother that lyueth by laundry
 who muste haue whether hote & clere here clothys to dry
 Then came there a boy for froste and snow continuall
 Snow to make snowballys and frost for his pyffale
 For whyche god wote he seweth full greedely
 your fyrst man wold haue whether clere and not windy
 The seconde the same saue cooles to blow meanly
 The thyrde desyred stormes and wynde most extremely
 The fourth all in water and wolde haue no wynde
 The fyft no water but all wynde to grynde
 The syxth wold haue none of all these nor no bright son
 The seuenth extremely the hote son wold haue wonne
 The eyght and the last for frost & snow he prayd
 Wy lady we shall take shame I am a frayd
 who marketh in what maner this sort is led
 May thynke yt impossyble all to be sped
 This number is smale there lacketh twayne of ten
 And yet by the masse amonge ten thousand men
 No one thyng could stand moze wyde from the tother
 Not one of theyr selues agreeth wyth an other
 I promyse you here is a shrewed pece of warke
 This gere wyll trye whether ye be a clarke
 If ye trust to me yt is a great folp
 For yt passeth my Braynes by goddes body

Jupiter.

Son thou haste ben dyligent and done so well.

D iiii

That

That thy labour is ryght myche thanke worthy
But be thou suer we nede no whyt thy counsell
For in our selfe we haue foresene remedy
Whiche thou shalt se but fynde depart hens quickly
To the gentylman and all other scwters here
And commaunde them all befoze vs to appere

Myrry report That shall be no lenger in doyng
Then I am in commynge and goynge

Myrry report goth out

Jupiter Suche debate as from aboue ye haue harde
Suche debate beneath amonge your selves ye se
As longe as heddes from temptaunce be deferd
So longe the bodyes in dyscempaunce be
This perceyue ye all but none can helpe saue we
But as we there haue made peace concordantly
So wolle we here now gyue you remedy

Myrry report and all the scwters entreth

Myrry report If I hadde caught them
Or euer I raught them
I wolde haue taught them
To be nere me
Full dere haue I bought them
Lorde so I sought them
yet haue I brought them

Suche as they be

Gentylman Pleaseth yt your maieste lorde so yt is
we as your subiectes and humble scwters all
Accordynge as we here your pleasure is
Are presyd to your presens beyng pyncypall
Hed and gouernour of all in euery place
who ioyeth not in your syght no ioy can haue
wherfoze we all comyt vs to your grace
As lorde of lordes vs to persythe or saue

Jupiter. As longe as dyscrecyon so well doth you gyde
Obedyently to vse your dewte
Dout ye not we shall your sauete prouyde
your greuys we haue harde wherfoze we sent for ye
To receyue answere eche man in his degre
And fyrt to content most reason yt is
The fyrt man that seide wherfoze marke ye this
Oft shal

Oft shall ye haue the wether clere and still
To hunt in for recompens of your payne
Also you merchautes shall haue myche pour wyll
For oft tymes when no wynde on lande doth remaine
Yet on the see pleisant cooles you shall obtayne
And syns your huntynge maye reste in the nyght
Oft shall the wynde then tyle and befoze day lyght

It shall ratyll downe the wood in suche case
That all ye rangers the better lyue may
And ye water myllers shall abteyne this grace
Many tymes the rayne to fall in the valey
Whē at y self tymes on hyllys we shall puruey (wynde
Fayze wether for your wyndmilles with such coolye of
As in one instant both kyndes of mylles may grynne

And for ye fayze womē that close wether wold haue
we shall proude that ye may suffycently
Haue tyme to walke in and your beauty saue
And yet shall ye haue that lyueth by laundry
The hote sonne oft ynough your clothes to dry
Also ye praty chyldre shall haue both frost and snow
Now marke this conclusyon we charge you arow

Myche better haue we now deuysed for ye all
Then ye all can perceyue or coude desyre
Eche of you sewd to haue contynuall
Suche wether as his crafte onely doth requyre
All wethers in all places yf men all tymes myght hye
who could lyue by other what is this neglygens
Us to attempt in suche inconueniens

Now on the tother syde yf we had graunted
The full of some one sewt and no mo
And from all the rest the wether had forbyd
yet who so hadde obtayned had wonne his owne wo
There is no one craft can praserue man so
But by other craftes of necessitye
He muste haue myche parte of his commodyte.

All to

All to serue at ones and one destroy a nother
Or ellys to serue one and destroy all the rest
Nothor wyll we do the tene nor the tother
But serue as many or as few as we thynke best
And where or what tyme to serue moste or lest
The dyscrecyon of that doutles shall stande
Perpetualy in the power of our hande

wherfoze we wyll the hole worlde to attende
Eche sort on suche wether as for them doth fall
Now one now other as lyketh vs to sende
who that hath yt ply yt and suer we shall
So gyde the wether in course to you all
That eche wyth other ye shall hole remayne
In pleasure and plentyfull welth certayne.

Gentylman Blessyd was the tyme wherin we were bozne
Fyrst for the blyssfull chaunce of your godly presens
Next for our lewt was there neuer man befozne
That euer harde so excellent a sentens
As your grace hath geuyn to vs all arow
wherin your hyghnes hath so bountypfully
Dystributed my parte that your grace shall know
your selfe sooll possessed of hertes of all chyualry

Marchaunt. Lyke wyle we marchauntes shall yeld vs holy
Onely to laude the name of Iuppter
As god of all goddes you to serue soolly
For of euery thyng I se you are nozpyther

Ranger No dout yt is so for so we now fynde
wherin your grace vs rangers so doth bynde
That we shall gyue you our hertes with one accorde
For knowledge to know you as our onely lord

water myller well I can no moze but for our water
we shall geue your lordshyp our ladyes sauter.

wynd myller Myche haue ye bounde vs for as I be saued
we haue all obteyned better then we craued.

Gentylwoma That is trew wherfoze your grace shall trewly
The hertes of such as I am haue surely.

Launder. And such as I am who be as good as you
His hyghnes shall be suer on I make a vow

Godfather

Boy

Godfather god I wyll do somwhat for you agayne
By Crysste ye may happe to haue a byrd or twayne
And I promise you yf any snow come
When I make my snow ballys ye shall haue some.

My report

God thake your lordship lo how this is brought to pas
Syns now shall ye haue the wether euen as yt was.

Jupiter.

we nede no whyte our selfe any farther to bost
For our dedes declare vs apparauntly
Not onely here on yert in euery cost
But also aboue in the heuynly company
Our prudens hath made peace vnyuersally
Whiche thyng we sey recordeth vs as pryncypall
God and gouernour of heuen yert and all

Now vnto that heuen we woll make retourne
where we be glozfyed most tryumphantly
Also we woll all ye that on yert sojourne
Syns cause gyueth cause to know vs your lord onely
And now here to synge mosste toyfully
Reioycynge in vs and in meane tyme we shall
Ascende into our trone celestypall.

Finis.

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Cum priuilegio.

